

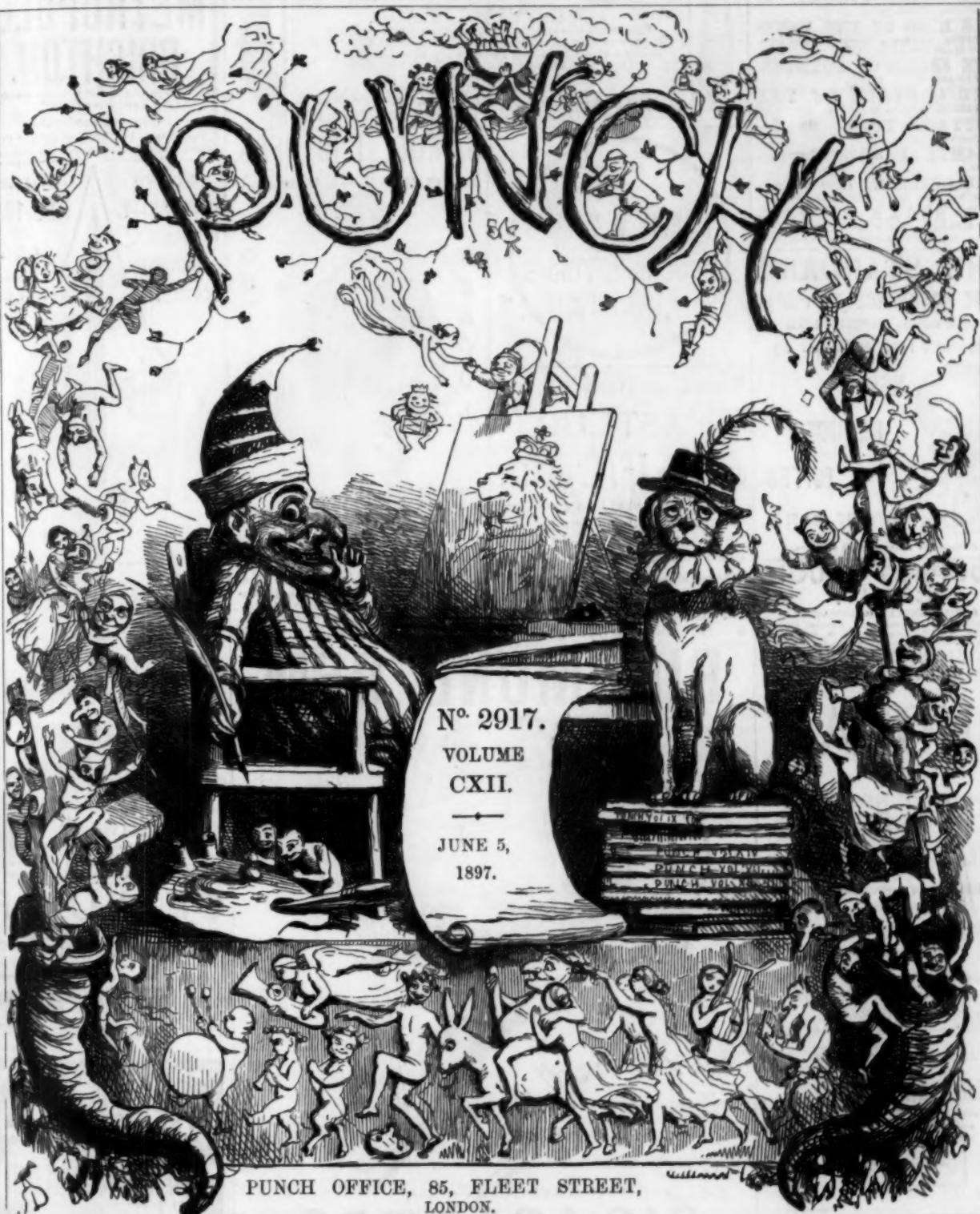
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PRIVATE LODGINGS.

Obliging Landlady (to Major and Mrs. Totterly Syms, who have delayed taking rooms till their arrival in Town for the Diamond Jubilee).
 "YES, 'M, YOU AND THE GENTLEMAN CAN 'AVE A COUPLE OF PILLOWS AND A RUG IN THE BASEMENT-'ALL, FOR TWO GUINEAS. THE PARTY AS YOU MET ON THE STEPS 'AS TAKEN THE FOLDING CHAIRS IN THE CONSERVATORY, OR YOU MIGHT 'AVE 'AD THEM."

A COMPENSATION BALANCE.

[In Committee on the Workmen's Compensation Bill, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN opposed Mr. TENNANT'S "Instruction," which would have given the Committee power to provide for the case of persons injured in their health through noxious trades.]

INSTRUCTIVE, very, is the line Our JON
 Took upon Mr. TENNANT'S new Instruction.
 Like the mere scratch which killed Mercutio,
 It was "too wide." Well, JOSEPH's "wide," we know!
 But how he yields to "Propruty's" seduction!
 He who the Liberal flag once wildly waved,
 Now valiantly uplifts the Tory pennant;
 He who the Landlord once so boldly braved,
 Now boldly braves the—TENNANT!

WILL THEY GET IT?

OUR advertisers, in the *Times* and other newspapers, are certainly leaving no stone unturned in view of *The event*. Thus one Lady, "moving in the best Society, and member of several London clubs, would be willing to CHAPERONE one or more YOUNG LADIES in London from June 19th to 24th inclusive, in exchange for board and lodging for that period, also seat near St. Paul's Cathedral, whereto to view procession. Address EADYTH BEAUTY C.," &c. A gentleman offers a fine old manor house, *within an hour of London*, at a lordly rent, for the Jubilee week; and so on. Will a double-million-magnifying telescope be provided in the latter case, capable of seeing through ten miles of brick walls, and the bodies of loyal cockneys forty deep? And is EADYTH BEAUTY C. going to have the seat to herself in the centre of all things, leaving the one or more young ladies at home or severally in the London Clubs? Anyhow, such pushing and enterprising loyalty can scarcely fail to "get there," as the Americans say.

Mr. Punch can hardly improve on the ingenuity of this class

of advertisers. He will not, therefore, be surprised to hear of grand stands being erected all over the country, whence Britons can face their Mecca, and view with the eye of faith the ceremony going on at St. Paul's. And EADYTH BEAUTY C. (who could resist such a name?) will probably be found inside one of the Royal carriages on the great occasion, or seated at daybreak on a camp-stool in front of Queen Anne's statue. If the lady gets her wished-for youthful charges, and a window, with board and lodging thrown in, it will doubtless be a case of youth at the helm, i.e., in a back seat, and Beauty at the prow. Next, please!

EXASPERATION!

(A Screech from Paris.)

O FUTILE product of a foreign clime,
 Unspeakable, unstrikable, unlightable;
 I use you up by dozens at a time,
 Impossible, intractable, indictable!
 Take then this tribute of a wrathful rhyme—
 Ne'er shall I smoke with you the peaceful calumet!
 They charge ten centimes with a cheek sublime
 For box of thirty miserable allumettes!

THEATRICAL NOTE.—Sorry to see that in consequence of not being quite so well as everyone would wish him, Mr. CHARLES WYNDEHAM is knocking off some of his matinées. No remonstrating with a man who is his own Physician and takes his own receipts.

SUGGESTED TITLES (should Mr. HARMSWORTH be raised to the Peage)—"Lord Missingword of Answers." And for Mr. PEARSON, "Lord Coupon."

"MAXIMS" IN ACTION.—"Go in and win"—"Hit him hard, he ain't got no friends," &c., &c.

**A FRIEND INDEED!**

Russian Bear (so disinterested). "AHEM! ALLOW ME TO SETTLE THIS LITTLE MATTER."

[“M. de Nieuwopf made the remarkable alternative proposal that Russia should take over the contemplated Greek War Indemnity, and that the Porte should write off an equivalent sum from the amount of the debt which it still owes to Russia.”—*Times’ Berlin Correspondent*, May 25.]



BY ROAD TO EPSOM.

Facetious Coster (to Jenkins, whose hireling has bolted). "THAT'S THE TICKET, GU'NOR—KEEP HIM GOING—AND YOU'LL BE IN TIME FOR THE FIRST RACE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY has at length completed his *History of Our Own Times*, CHATTO AND WINDUS issuing the last volume, which carries on the wondrous tale from 1880 up to this year of Jubilee. Mr. McCARTHY is his own and only rival. Remembering the fascination of his earlier volumes, my Baronite came to a study of this conclusion of the matter with some apprehension. He finds that the historian has kept his very best wine till the last. Obviously, in dealing with the last seventeen years Mr. McCARTHY has the advantage of intimate personal knowledge. He writes history, pages of which the Party he led in the House of Commons helped to make. That in some men would be a fatal condition. Mr. McCARTHY has a judicial mind, which enables him to withdraw from the inner circle where he has played no mean part, and regard actions, motives, and consequences with impartial eye. The volume is marked by those fine literary qualities, that rare power of condensation without loss of colour, that established the enduring fame of the earlier volumes. Some of the characterisations of public men are marvels of accuracy, models of style. Of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, first Lord SELBORNE, Mr. McCARTHY writes: "He was a theological politician, the theologian perhaps predominating over the politician." Of the Duke of ARGYLL: "He had a little too much of the essayist and the small philosopher in him to be a stalwart political figure." These two gems are extracted, not because they are the brightest, but because of their compactness. Many others sparkle through the volume, which carries the reader almost breathless through history which seems strangely old, though its starting point is the opening of the first Session of the Parliament of 1880. The book is not illustrated. Otherwise photographs of the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons in May, 1880, and in May, 1897, would shew in a flash how much has happened in the interval.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

BRAVO SIR HENRY!—Presiding, on last Thursday night, at the annual festival of the Royal Society of Musicians, Sir HENRY IRVING suggested that amateur flute-players constituted so large a portion of general society that they could, among themselves, so "raise the wind" as to considerably benefit the funds of this Society.

ANOTHER JUBILEE SUGGESTION.

SIR.—Twenty-seven years and eleven months ago I sent a joke to your paper. It did not then appear, but in January, 1882, there was a joke something like it. The joke was not a very long one, for it only occupied the space of three lines. For this article, or suggested article, I have received no remuneration whatever! I would not now distress your generous nature by reminding you of this; I would only suggest that the Royal Procession will pass your office, 85, Fleet Street, on June 22, and that a few seats, for my wife, my sister-in-law, my five eldest daughters, my cousin's aunt by marriage, my godfather's stepson's niece, and myself, would be a slight return for that joke, and an encouragement to me to send further contributions.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, OWEN DEED.

[We should, of course, have invited our intending contributor and his relatives, had he not omitted his address.—ED.]

AT KIRALFY'S VICTORIAN ERA SHOW.—According to a *Daily Mail* Special interviewing the Daily Female special waitresses at Earl's Court Exhibition, these young ladies have a grievance. They don't like their old English costumes. "I've been a waitress for two years," said his fair informant, "but I never had to look a guy like this before." She ought to have brought her sorrows before H.R.H. the Prince of WALES when he visited "Guy's" last week and opened the "Queen Victoria" ward. Our Own Exhibition District Visitor (nothing less than a Duke in disguise to visit the Court of the Earl), after close personal inspection, describes the costume of the handy maidens—the "ladies in waiting"—as most becoming. They are all of them "studies in Black and White," and he wishes to draw the attention of artists to these models of neat-handed Phyllis. Also our E. D. V. reports that not only the musical and dramatic part of the show is well worth a visit, but that all the departments, when quite finished, and in thorough working order (which by the time this appears they probably will be, and then he shall look in again), will equal, if not surpass, any previous exhibition in this quarter.

DOUTFUL.—On June 24 the Deserving and Undeserving Poor are to have good dinners. But will they get their desserts?

THE GAME OF ADVERBS.

(A COUNTRY-HOUSE TRAGI-COMEDY IN TWO PARTS.)

PART II.

SCENE—*The Drawing-room at Dripstone. The Rector has just entered, and stands helplessly endeavouring to identify the Mistress of the House in the deepening dusk.*

Bob (cheerily). Make yourself at home, old fellow. Take a pew! *The Rector (to himself).* "Take a pew"! The heartiness of manufacturing circles is really rather trying! (Aloud.) But excuse me, I don't yet see—

Bob (taking him by the shoulders, and thrusting him down on a couch in the centre of the circle). Squat there, and fire away.



"Joking apart, old man, you were simply ripping!"

The Rector. I—ah—don't know whether you are aware that my—um—ah—name is POLYBLANK, and that I am the Rector of Dripstone?

[*A general ripple of genuine, if reluctant, amusement.*]

Bob. The Reverend POLY! By Jove; capital! All right, now begin asking questions—any rot will do, you know. Start with the Mater.

The Rector (to himself). Are they all like this in Yarmminster? (Aloud.) I confess that in this—ah—semi-darkness I find considerable difficulty in ascertaining the precise whereabouts of my—um—ah—hostess.

[*An outburst of irrepressible laughter.*]

Mrs. Shuttleworth (giggling helplessly). Oh, dear, dear, I oughtn't to laugh—but he is so ridiculous! This is me, over here in the corner.

The Rector (pitching his voice in that direction). I trust, my deah Mrs. SHUTTLEWORTH, that I have not seemed reprehensibly—ah—tardy in coming here to make your acquaintance?

Mrs. Shuttleworth (in a whisper). I don't know what to answer. (Aloud.) Tardy? Oh, dear no. I shouldn't have cared if you'd stayed away altogether. (In a whisper, to GRACE.) Do you think that was too rude, dear?

Grace. Oh, not at all, Mamma. (Aloud to the Rector.) There, you've had Mamma's answer. Now it's my turn.

The Rector (to himself, in mild surprise). These people are really too impossible! (Addressing himself to GRACE.) May I a little ruder, perhaps?

plead in excuse that my delay is due (firstly) to the preparations for our Harvest Festival, and (secondly) to the entire parish work being thrown upon my shoulders by my curate's having unexpectedly extended his holiday? [A universal roar of delight.

Bob. Just his pupil manner, isn't it? (Sotto voce, to FLOSSIE.) Now perhaps you'll own I was right about DORMER?

Flossie (in the same tone, to him). I must say he can be awfully clever and amusing—when he chooses.

Grace (replying to the Rector). You can plead no excuse for trying to be clever at the expense of a clergyman who, with all his peculiarities, has fifty times your brains.

The Rector (to himself). I should not have said that BARLAM's brains were—But why should I let myself be annoyed by such a trifle? (Aloud.) My dear young lady, need I protest that I had not the slightest idea—?

Bob. Leave this to me, GRACE. (To the Rector.) Not the slightest idea? No, old chap, nobody here ever supposed you had!

[Applause.] *The Rector (to himself).* I trust I am not unduly puffed up with the pride of intellect—but really! (Aloud.) I came here in the hope that the natural—ah—bond between the Rectory and the Manor—(Shouts of laughter.) Don't you think—with pathos)—don't you think you are making this rather difficult for me?

Flossie. It would be easy enough for anyone who wasn't a hopeless idiot.

The Rector (to himself). Can there be insanity in this family? Merely ill-manners, I suspect. I won't give up just yet. Perhaps, by patience and sweetness, I shall win them over in the end. (Aloud, with laboured urbanity.) I am indeed in the Palace of Truth! But there—we must no more look for reverence from the young than for—er—figs from an—um—ah—thistle. Must we?

Ivy Goring. I should have thought myself you would prefer the um—ah—thistles. [Uproarious applause.]

The Rector (gasping). You compel me to remind you of a certain passage in the beautiful Catechism of our Church which—

Gillian Pinceney. Please don't. There are some things which should be respected—even by a professional buffoon!

The Rector (thunderstruck). A professional buff—! (Allowing his voice to boom.) Is there nobody here capable of answering the most ordinary remark without some monstrous insult?

Colin. Not your remarks.

The Rector (to himself). I never was in such a household in all my life—never! (Aloud.) As far as I can distinguish in this dusk, there is a little girl sitting over there. I'm sure she—(To CONNIE.) Are you fond of animals, little girl?

Connie. I'm not fond of animals like you.

[A felicitous repartee, which is received with the wildest enthusiasm.]

The Rector (to himself). I will make just one more effort. (To MRS. SHUTTLEWORTH.) You must find a great pleasure, Mrs.—ah—SHUTTLEWORTH, in occupying such a picturesque, and, I may say, historic house as this?

Mrs. Shutt. (wiping her eyes.) Oh, dear, is it me again? . . . Yes, it is a pleasant house—except when one has to entertain tiresome visitors who will ask foolish questions.

The Rector. You may rely upon being secure from such inflictions for the future, madam. (With warmth.) Why, why is it that I can count upon a kindly welcome in the humblest cottage, whereas here—? [He chokes.]

Miss Markham (demurely). I really can't say. Perhaps cottagers are not very particular.

The Rector (passing his hand over his brow). I confess I am utterly at a loss to understand what all this means!

Colin. Keep on asking questions. Ask GRACE how she'd like to be the Reverend Mrs. POLY, and see what she says. Mummy said only the other day how nice it would be if—

The Rector (rising). Silence, boy! I have heard enough! I have stayed too long. I will go, before I am tempted to disgrace my calling by some unclerical outburst!

All (in fits of laughter). No, no, you mustn't go yet. You haven't said how we've received you!

The Rector (in a white rage). How? How!! . . . Why, outrageously! Abominably!! [General hissing.]

All. Wrong, wrong! You haven't got it yet. Don't give it up! Try again!

The Rector (stiffly). Pardon me—but a necessarily restricted vocabulary—

[Howls of laughter.]

Flossie (as they calm down). Well, the right adverb was "rudely."

The Rector. I am not prepared to dispute it. Though there are others which perhaps are even more—

Flossie. I thought you saw it long ago. We might have been

The Rector. I should be sorry to question your capabilities—but still, I can hardly conceive that possible.

Mrs. Shutt. Well, I don't know when I've had such a good laugh. It certainly is a most amusing game. Or at least you made it so. How wonderfully you did take the poor dear Rector off, to be sure! When you first came in, I said to myself, "That can't be Mr. DORMER!" But of course, directly you began to be so ridiculous, I remembered Bob had told us what a mimic you were. You really ought to go on the stage. You'd make your fortune as an actor, you would indeed!

The Rector (dropping feebly into a chair). I—ah—you do me too much honour, my dear Mrs. SHUTTLEWORTH. (To himself.) These poor dear deluded people! I see now. . . . It was a game. . . . They didn't know me in the dark—they don't know me now! . . . What a position—for them and me. What a horrible position!

Mrs. Shutt. GRACE, my dear, will you ring for the lights?

The Rector (to himself). The lights! If they're brought in, I shall never be able to look these people in the face again! (Aloud.) Er—ah—so pleased to have afforded you so much—um—ah—innocent amusement—but I'm a little fatigued, and, if you'll allow me, I—I think I'll slip away.

[He makes his exit, amidst hearty rounds of applause.

IN THE LIBRARY—A LITTLE LATER.

Bob (to DORMER, whom he discovers asleep on a sofa). What, lying down, old chap? Well, I must say you deserve a rest after your labours.

Dormer (apologetically). Tramping over those beastly wet roots does take it out of a fellow. But hasn't somebody called—the Rector, wasn't it?

Bob. What a chap you are! I should jolly well think it was the Rector! Joking apart, old man, you were simply ripping! How on earth you got old POLY's voice and manner so perfectly, after only hearing him once, beats me. What with the room being dark and that, I swear that once or twice, when we were all rotting you, and being as beastly rude as we knew, I half thought you really were the Rector!

Dormer (to himself). The Rector must have had the Deuce's own time of it! (Aloud.) I—I hope your mother isn't—er—doesn't—?

Bob. The Mater? Not she! She was in fits. And as for the girls, why, they're all raving about you!

Dormer. Are they, though? Very nice of them. (To himself.) I'm like Thingummy—I've awoke to find myself famous!

Bob. The way you kept it up to the very end!

Dormer. I'm glad you think I kept it up to the very end.

Bob. Your exit was a stroke of genius. I'm not flattering you, old chap, it was downright gen'us. I say, you'll do old POLY for us again after dinner, eh?

Dormer. My dear fellow, I couldn't if you paid me. Besides, I—I'd rather, if you don't mind, it didn't get talked about; it—well, it might be awkward, don't you know.

Bob (nodding his head sapiently). I see. You mean, it might get round to the Rector, eh?

Dormer. Exactly. It might—er—get round to the Rector.

THE END.

"CHURCH AND STAGE."

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH.—For years I have taken the greatest interest in this subject, and am so delighted to see that at last we have a notable composer of comic oratorios and serious operas—no, I beg pardon, I meant t'other way about, composer of serious oratorios and of comic operas—I am not sure whether he has done more than one of the former, but this is a detail)—writing a Jubilee Ballet for the Alhambra to a *scenario* by a Signor CARLO CORRI (this name as pronounced Englishly is not suggestive of much originality), and at the same time composing a hymn-tune for the Diamond Jubilee Service to words written by the Bishop of Wakefield, a diocese ever memorable because of its immortal Goldsmithian Vicar. But why didn't these two forces combine before? Why didn't the Bishop write the ballet, for which Sir ARTHUR could have supplied the music, and then the composer would not have had to seek abroad for a foreigner to invent what was intended to be pre-eminently English, with lots of *Rule Britannia*, *Girls I left behind me* with *British Grenadiers*, and all sorts of popular national melodies so mixed up in it as to leave but comparatively little space for the composer's own charming and original work. Let us hope that soon, remembering the success of the Vicar so capitally played by the Rev. Mr. BARRINGTON in *The Sorcerer*, we may look forward to a Ballet of Bishops with the most graceful pastoral music from the Sullivanian pen. At last there is a chance of union between



A NEW RELATION.

Dora. "JACK, WHO WAS THAT LADY WITH YOUR FATHER? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A SISTER."

Jack. "OH, THAT ONE ISN'T A SISTER. THAT'S FATHER'S STEP-WIFE!"

Church and Stage. Did not Sir HENRY, as a Canterbury Pilgrim, do penance at the shrine of BUCKET, last Monday, by reading TENNYSON's play to all and sundry in the restored Cathedral Chapter House? and has not Sir ARTHUR composed an Alhambra Jubilee Ballet and a Jubilee Hymn with a Bishop as collaborateur? "Now we sha'n't be long!" Is the other ARTHUR, sur-named ROBERTS, that light-hearted link between stage and music-hall, preparing any little surprise for us? Congratulations to clergy and composers, Yours, JUBILEE JIGGINS.

P.S.—What a characteristic song for Sir ARTHUR, with dance, which he could compose for himself, would be "*I am so versatile!*" I forget who wrote it. By the way, Church and Stage were once upon a time, in the long-ago period, united in the person of that delightful composer with an ecclesiastical title, Sir HENRY BISHOP.

Old Doggarel brought Up-to-Date.

THERE was a Greek in Thessaly, and he was most unwise, He dashed at a Turk "hedge of spears," and scratched out both his eyes. But, when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main, He tried another (sporting) "hedge," to scratch them in again!

"INFELICE!"—It was not a happy thought that inspired Signor FELICE to insult the Italian Premier, Signor RALLI. The latter being, to use a prize-fighting term, "a sharp Ralli," the result was temporary imprisonment for FELICE, and subsequent release owing to intervention of Italian Minister. Felicitations to FELICE.



A NEW GAME.

PLAYING AT JUBILEES; OR, MAKING A KNIGHT OF IT.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 22.—House crowded for *Lohengrin* on anniversary of its composer's birthday. Prince and Princess of WALES present. HERR SEIDL, whose name suggests the first half of a Seidl-itz powder, conducting splendidly, but much astonished when Madame EMMA EAMES walked down—no! sidle'd down—to footlights, and, when his back was turned, tapping him on the shoulder just to draw his attention to fact that she personally wished to congratulate him on his conducting by shaking hands with him; after which ceremony he could emphatically shake hands with himself. Much amusement and considerable applause. It was musically suggested that the orchestra should welcome HERR SEIDL by playing the old tune of the song "Get your hair cut." Perhaps the advice, meant in quite complimentary spirit, would have been better conveyed by performing some airs of LOCK's. Chorus excellent. MARIE BREMER the best *Ortruda* up to now, with Brother JOHNNIE and Brother TEDDY DE RESZKE as *Lohengrin* and King respectively. They received a grand ovation. Mr. BISPHAM as *Telramund*, and EMMA EAMES, as Somebody-Elsa, completed a cast on which the Covent Garden management is to be heartily congratulated.

Tuesday—Big Night for Big People. Royalties and RESZKIES. EMMA EAMES woke up in her acting, and was almost the ideal *Juliet*, though even as *prima donna* just a bit too prim for SHAKSPERE's gushing young Venetian of sweet seventeen, if as much. No matter about the Bard, though; this *Juliet* is GOUNOD's. What age *Romeo*? If JOHNNIE DE RESZKE be ideal *Romeo* (as he undoubtedly is, both operatically and dramatically), then, considering him as a fine-grown youth of twenty-five, you have a *Juliet* at ten years less. There you are. EDWARD DE RESZKE excellent as *Friar Laurent*, the Botanical Brother and Herbalistic Hermit, quite big enough to represent himself and the apothecary (who does not appear), and be two single vocalists rolled into one. Always think that if a *suite* were composed to this opera, *Friar Laurent* ought to be represented as having obtained a dispensation from his vows of celibacy in order to marry *Gertrude* (*Juliet's* nurse, with an excellent character from her last place in SHAKSPERE's play), whose light and leading features are on this occasion so charmingly pourtrayed by Mlle. BAUERMISTER. In balcony-scene moon a bit erratic, but this quite Shakspearian, and in keeping with the lunatic "inconstant" characteristics attributed to it by original poet. Stage management, evidently benefited by Friendly hints, decidedly improved. Merry MANCINELLI does his work thoroughly, though mysterious musicians will assert themselves occasionally. Forgot to mention old Mister *Capulet*, the Fat Father, in excellent voice, and at his little party quite a host in himself, and as

gay a dog as they make 'em. In every respect a triumphantly-successful show for everybody concerned.

Wednesday.—Late Dinners, Parties, and QUEEN'S Birthday Receptions robbed *Manon* of a good many of her friends. Pity, because VAN DYCK, as *Des Grieux*, restored to health and voice, and Madame SAVILLE ("Sa ville" de notre ville by this time), as *Manon*, transformed Monsieur MASSENET's light work into Grand Opera. PLANCON, or M. PLAIN-SONG, good as representing stagey Heavy Father. Orchestra asserted itself on occasion strongly: very natural, however, that these mysterious musicians, almost "lost to sight," should, just now and then, wish to recall fact of their existence to memory of audience.

Friday.—*Lohengrin* again. Grand, with Brother NEDDY RESZKE as "monarch of all he surveys," though occasionally hidden by his crowded Court of remarkably rude Noblemen; with the Hieland Lassie, MAGGIE MACINTYRE, charmingly naive as *Elsa*, a sort of "Alice in Wonderland," and singing splendidly; and with JEAN DE RESZKE magnificent as *Lohengrin*, the White Knight, who floors Sir Bispham *Telramund*, the Black Knight, in single combat. Mlle. MEISSLINGER (vice MARIE BREMER) was the "penny-plain-twopence-coloured" female villain, singing well, looking handsome, and acting just as female villain would act in such circumstances. Signor PRINGLE (Anglicé Mr. PRINGLE) was the Herald. I do not credit WAGSTAFF, who says PRINGLE is an American, and therefore ought to have come on as "New York Herald." I suspect Waggy is joking, even if with difficulty. ANTON SEIDL, of the flowing locks, conducted vigorously. Crowded house. Good night.

A NEW TABLE OF INTEREST.

(Under Government Supervision.)

ONE touting circular equals 20 impecunious replies.

20 impecunious replies equal £100—advanced at 60 per cent. 500 cases of 60 per cent. equal 10,000 applications to the Court of Bankruptcy.

10,000 applications in bankruptcy equal an occasional article in the newspapers.

500 articles in the newspapers equal a growl of popular indignation.

20 growls of popular indignation equal a money-lending inquiry.

Numerous meetings of a money-lending inquiry equal a more or less valuable report.

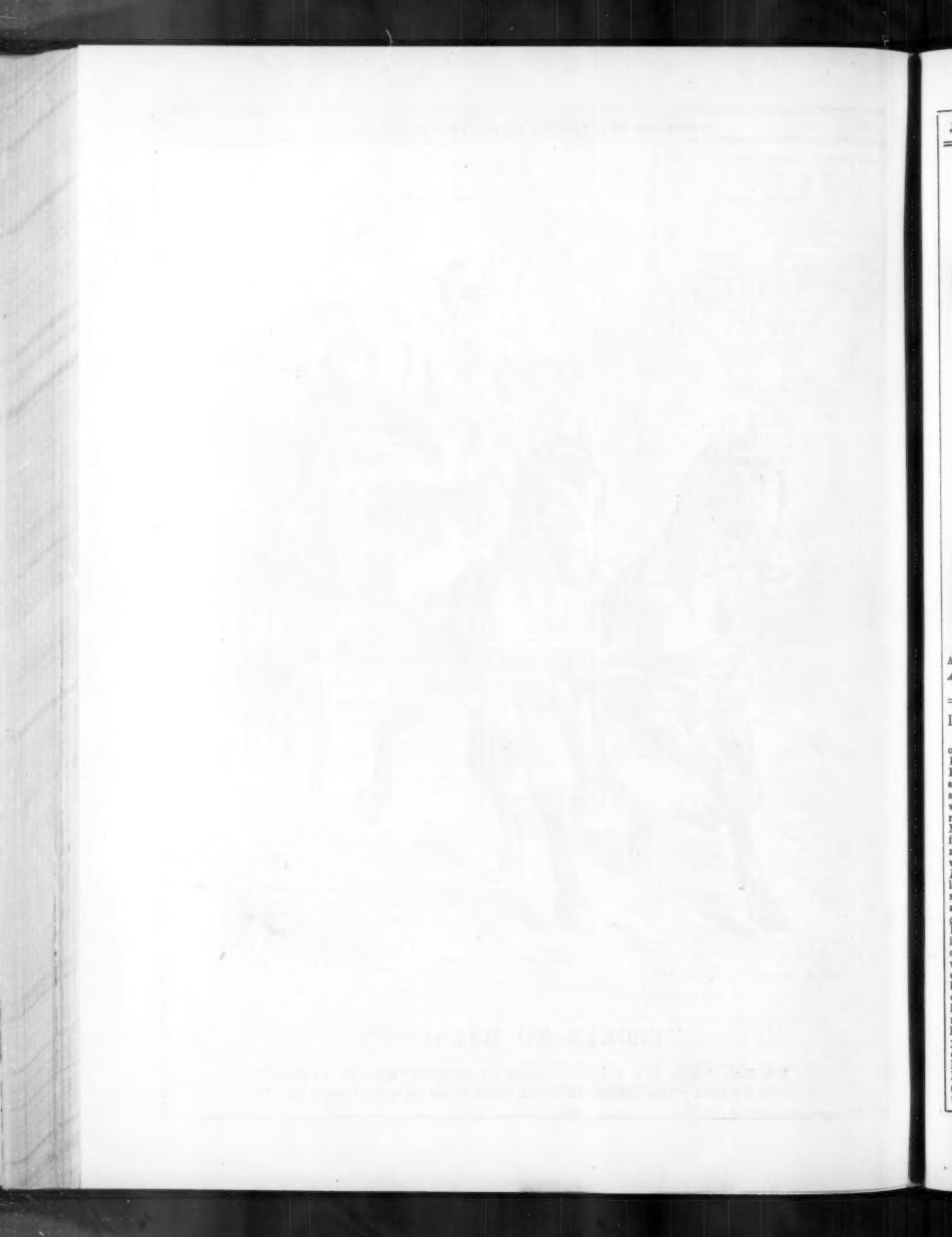
One more or less valuable report equals shelving the subject indefinitely.

A shelving of one subject indefinitely equals chronic ruin as before.



"BROKEN TO HARNESS."

MISS ERIN. "SURE IT'S A NICE PAIR YE'RE DHRIVIN', MISTHER ARTHUR!"
ARTH-R B-LF-R. "YES--NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D GO SO WELL TOGETHER!"





A POPULAR ACTRESS IN TWO PIECES.
An Optical Delusion seen in the Strand, and due
to the fashionable Bolero Costume.

DARBY JONES ON THE DERBY.

HONOURED SIR.—I trust that you, with other sagacious clients, planked savings on *Victor Wild* for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, for at 6 to 1 for a shop he shoud have provided many loyal and deserving with the wherewithal to procure windows whence to view the Commemoration Progress of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN. I regret to say that, from the sporting point of view, the Diamond Jubilee Derby is not likely to vie with the Procession aforesaid. In *Little Doctor Faust*, the light work of the late lamented BYRON (the dramatist and actor, not the peer and Phil-Hellene), there was a catching chorus, "We should ne'er forget the days when we were young." Probably on account of the beauty of the ladies, who delivered the sentiment musingly and trippingly, the refrain was very well liked by the most "dosey" frequenters of the Gaiety Theatre, young bloods who, then nurtured on chicken and champagne, are now reduced to the humble half-and-half, and the vulgar, but nutritious, beef à la mode. With your lightning-like habit of detecting bad florins, you will naturally ask, Sir, "What on earth has this to do with the Derby?" Ready for your not unjustifiable attack, I reply, "Because one of the dainty damsels who did justice to the ditty in question, induced me at Epsom in 1878 to

become her commissioner to the extent of five indisputable sovereigns on the chances of *Kisber*. As you are well aware, Mr. BALTAZZI's animal was rewarded with the Blue Ribbon of Tattenham Corner; but alack! alas! and well-a-day! the genteel penciler with whom I had done business on behalf of my fair client made tracks for Snowdon. I had, therefore, to settle his account with the songstress, thereby imperiling the continuance of a somewhat precarious income. Nor was the lady grateful for my self-sacrifice, for she—But *cui bono*, as the Bard hath it? Suffice it to say I shall never "forget the days when we were young." Derby Day always recalls extraordinary experiences. I once had a cousin, a hopeless ne'er-do-well, who was from time to time expatriated to British Columbia, or West Australia, or Texas, or the West Coast of Africa, provided with a brand new outfit, red flannel shirts, white duck trousers, and a comfortable cheque. But he always turned up at Epsom on Derby Day, and then he was subscribed for again. I also knew a man who went to the Derby with the sole object of seeing a dead-heat. He never wagered a copper on the race. In 1884, when Mr. HAMMOND's *St. Gatien* and Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY's *Harevester* accomplished the trick, my poor friend was laid up in bed. He never recovered the shock, so his housekeeper told me. Anyhow, he withdrew from this World a few weeks afterwards. I was also acquainted with a Great Lady—quite understand, Sir, as a nebulous satellite. She was accustomed to dream about races—some ladies are—and in the Jubilee Year of 1887, she had a vision that *Merry Hampton* would win the Derby. She implored her husband to mortgage his property in order to back Mr. "ABINGTON's" candidate. But her spouse was callous, and refused to entrust the animal with even so much as half-a-crown. The result of the race led, I am sorry to say, to separation for life between the Dreamstress and her mate. Again, I never plant my boot on the Downs without recalling the query of a famous Reveller of the Tom and Jerry days, "How many four-year-olds have been returned winners of the Derby?" Incarceration in one of the QUEEN's Compulsory Hotels would suit neither you, honoured Sir, nor me, so I refrain from transcribing the Reveller's answer to his own question. But away with the Past. Let the Muse speak of the Future! There will be a very small field, unlikely to get into double figures, like a moderate cricketer. Well satisfied as to the peril of his position, the Bard delivers himself as follows:—

It seems a gift for *Kendal's Son*,
Yet I prefer the *Painter*.
The *Yankee* chance is not quite done,
The *Frenchman's* hope is fainter.
Historic Tale will not prevail,
Nor yet an *Ardent* rush;
A *Shiver* we can scarcely hail,
But if the Favours should run stale,
Look out for *Jocsey's Brush*.

Trusting to meet you on the Hill, where the asparagus, the lobster, the salmon, the prawn, and the quail mingle so refreshingly together about the Fountains of the "Boy,"

I am, as usual, honoured Sir,
Your Helot and Vates in one,
DARBY JONES.

FISHING INTERROGATORY TO LABBY.—
"Got a Beit?"

TWO KINGS.

(ENGLAND, 1649. GREECE, 1897.)
KING CHARLES, the Stuart, lost his throne,
And after, lost his head.
"Tis not that sequence, though, alone,
A King hath cause to dread.
Another King, ambition-led,
His fate must now bemoan.
A monarch who has "lost his head,"
Perchance may lose his throne!

THE ISLINGTON TOURNAMENT ONCE AGAIN—and if possible, more popular than ever. The opening day was a success; but the show was too long, and the repetitions were wearisome, except, perhaps, to those insatiable Oliver's who are always asking for more. Captain DANN of the stentorian voice, who towards the end of the fortnight always qualifies himself for a Hoarse Guardsman, is there to be seen and heard. As he enters, the band ought to play "Roary O'Moore," as he is quite the Dan de Lion of the exhibition. But 'tis a far cry to Islington, and is it not possible to move the show "To the west, to the west," as veteran HENRY RUSSELL used to sing?

SONGS OF SPRING (ONIONS).

(By an Envious Poet.)

[It is no longer considered a sign of genius to live on lilies; the poetical faculty in particular seems nowadays best cultivated on beef and beer.]
Daily Paper.



If you'd know the precise apparatus
To produce the poetic afflatus,
You need, it is clear,
But a pint pot of beer
And a big plate o' beef an' pertatus!

A QUESTION WHICH MIGHT BE ASKED (IF NOT ANSWERED) IN PARLIAMENT.—In view of the danger which the National Collections at South Kensington run from risk of fire, what are the Commissioners of the International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 doing with the income derived from the property in their charge? Perhaps devoting the money to the extinction of rabbits in Australia, or the exploration of the South Pole.



Master Tom. "I say, Pater, did you buy that boat for me or for yourself?"

FLYING VISITS.

THE other day the King of the B-LG-NS arrived at Balmoral from London at midday. Later in the afternoon His Majesty left Scotland.

President F-RE is expected shortly at St. Petersburg. He will arrive about 11 A.M., and after *déjeuner* with the Emperor, will immediately return to France by special train.

The King of S-M will probably visit Ireland during his stay in this country. His visit, lasting about five minutes, will enable him to taste a glass of whiskey and water at the Viceregal Lodge, after which he will return to London.

The G-RM-N EMP-R-B will probably visit Paris incognito late one evening early this week. After spending half an hour at the Moulin Rouge, his Majesty will return to Berlin by special train.

The King of the B-LG-NS may perhaps

go to the Congo State from Saturday to Monday. A peaceful Sunday in those happy countries, so recently endowed with all the blessings of civilisation by the noble and self-sacrificing zeal of the officials, will doubtless prove very restful.

Sir E. ASHM-D B-RTL-TT is going to spend half an hour with the S-LT-N at Yildiz Kiosk. His Majesty intends tasting a very fine brand of sherbet which he has recently obtained.

Mr. L-B-CH-RE, as soon as his engagements permit, intends accepting President KR-G-R's invitation to a meat tea, with pickles and jam, followed by a quiet pipe. About 9.30 P.M., the party will separate, and Mr. L-B-CH-RE will return direct to London.

QUAINT REVENGE OF TIME.—The only thing now feared at Yildiz Kiosk by the SULTAN is the sack.

THE TWO BOOKIES.

A BALLAD OF BARGAINS.

(By a Badly-done Bookseller.)

AIR—"The Heathen Chinee."

WELL, I wish to remark,
And my speech shall be plain,
That for tricks that are dark,
And for ways that are vain,

A Book-hunter beats a "Bookmaker,"
And that I am bold to maintain!

The "Bookie," I'm told,
Is a shadyish sort;
But I say, and I hold,
He's a fair-and-square "Sport,"
Compared with the sly Book-collector
Who visits my shop down the court.

He will bounce you to sell
At the price of a "bob"
What he knows very well
In a bargain. I sob
When I think on the way I've been diddled,
By Book-hunters keen on the job!

I, too, know a bit
About books, and the like,
But some harpies who fit
Round my stall—well, a pike
Is not half so cunning or greedy
As they when a bargain they strike.

They come looking so meek,
With such innocent eyes,
And their style is so sleek,
That one's temper it tries.
When one finds they have done one—for
tuppence—

Out of, oh! such a wonderful prize!

They put on a frown,
An indifferent glance,
"Eh? What? Half-a-crown!"
Eighteen-pence! No advance!
Then they pocket a prize some will purchase

At ten quid—and glad o' the chance!

The times I've been done
By such old buffers—clean!!!

They find it great fun,
A fine harvest they glean,
And—well, read Mister HAZLITT's Confessions.*

And then you will twig what I mean.

Which is why I remark,—

And I put it quite plain,—

That for dodges most dark,
And devices most vain;
The Book-hunter bangs the Bookmaker,
And the same I am bold to maintain!

* *The Confessions of a Collector.* By WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT.

ONE OF THE TRUEST OF SHEFFIELD BLADES.—The Duke of NORFOLK, because he never cuts anyone, high or low, rich or poor. Mr. Punch congratulates the grinders on having in our Premier Peer a Mayor, who tries to make everyone the merrier, as was shown when the QUEEN did honour to the metropolis of English steel by her visit. The Duke is a Great Englishman, and the men and women of Yorkshire rallied round the flag on their flagstones as was right, and just, and honourable. The Duke of NORFOLK and Sheffield showed the real grit of the country, and sharpened all our understanding.

THE *Daily News* states that Mr. HOOLEY is to be confirmed by the Bishop of SOUTHWELL. But first the news must be confirmed.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 24.—WILLIAM EDWARD MURRAY TOMLINSON's faith in mankind has received painful shock. He has been wounded in the house of a friend. Came down to-night brimful of pleasant little surprise for Committee on Employers' Liability Bill. Members having observed the firmness and dexterity with which SPEAKER disposed of nine out of ten Instructions, settled down in Committee, prepared to discuss innumerable procession of amendments. First on paper stood in name of NUSSEY. He rose to full height with intent to move it when an even more commanding figure was discovered on its feet to the right of the Chair.

"Mr. LOWTHER, Sir," said a voice, and the Committee recognised the Statesman who shares with Corporal HANBURY the representation of Preston. "I beg leave to move that you report progress, and ask leave to sit again."

The Chairman, half turning his head, and catching a glimpse of TOMLINSON, said something that sounded uncommonly like "Tut! tut!" and called on NUSSEY to proceed.

At the moment WILLIAM EDWARD MURRAY was engaged in the delicate task of extracting from his breast pocket the notes of a luminous speech. All very well for minor Members to discuss pettifogging amendments. TOMLINSON would deal with the question as a whole. On the motion to report progress he would view the situation from every avenue; would convince



"Frivolous" T-mil-n-s-n.

the Committee that the best thing would be to drop the Bill—at least till TOMLINSON had time to further consider it. Having at last lugged his manuscript out, smoothed

out the opening page, W. E. M. T. became conscious of the fact that there was another Member on his legs. Nearly opposite him was NUSSEY saying something in stentorian tones.

This distinctly out of order. Only one Member may be on his feet at a given moment. And hadn't he, the many-initialled TOMLINSON, moved to report progress?

He remained standing, regarding Chairman with look of dignified inquiry. NUSSEY went on. There were cries of "Order! Order!" "Ha-ha!" thought WILLIAM EDWARD, "they are shouting NUSSEY down." The cry rose in volume; attention seemed strangely directed towards him (W. E. M. T.); he was conscious of someone pulling at his coat-tails. Then Chairman turned his head, and with peremptory wave of arm ordered him (TOMLINSON, W. E. M.) to resume his seat!

Slowly, even though assisted by the gentleman attached to his coat-tail, T. dropped into his seat. Gradually truth dawned upon him. Chairman regarding his action as frivolous—fancy TOMLINSON frivolous!—had declined to hear him.

"This," said WILLIAM EDWARD, hoarsely, when he had partially recovered, "comes of household suffrage, free education, and the admission of women to the Terrace at teatime."

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Quite affecting air of injured innocence about SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE as he took his seat to-night. The lynx-eye of JEREMIAH LOWTHER has discerned in him the victim of a breach of privilege. The SAGE been "saying things" about Dr. HARRIS, and his colleagues on South Africa Committee have censured him. JEREMIAH finds new food for lamentation in this procedure. Has looked up the authorities; finds that a trifle over a couple of centuries ago House ordered that in such circumstances Committee should report to it, not presume to act on its own authority. Action by Committee re the SAGE clearly a breach of privilege. Meant to raise it last night; just missed opportunity. Not to be done again that way. So this evening, questions on paper over, JEREMIAH in corner seat below Gangway bobs up and down like a middle-aged cork on troubled water.

When at length SPEAKER calls on him, his judicial manner almost appalling in its intensity. Understand now how it once awed the Jockey Club. SARK says he would give anything to see JEREMIAH in Judge's wig and gown. Will cheerfully plump down his guinea if subscription be got up to present him with one. The spectacle of LOWTHER (J.) thus arrayed, seated below Gangway, would invest that lawless part of House with much-needed dignity. As it is, by sheer force of character and sense of situation, JEREMIAH succeeds without adventitious circumstances of wig and gown. Sublime the tone and manner with which he remarked, "I would desire to call your attention to the resolution passed on March 16, 1888." Some frivolous Members laughed. House generally felt older, wiser, in closer touch with historic England. As for SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, he blushed to find the Centuries marshalled on his behalf, as in Court counsel call witnesses to character.

LOWTHER (J.) not the kind of man to mar magnificent generalities with mere particulars. House crowded in expecta-

tion of piquant discussion of the SAGE's indiscretion, and the South Africa Committee's irregularity. "I bring forward no particular instance or case," said his Leadership. Gathering imaginary robes round his statuesque figure, he resumed his seat.



Mr. Justice (Jimmy) Lowther.

Thereupon House went into Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill.

Business done.—Not very much.

Thursday.—Grubbing away at Employers' Liability Bill. Debate excellent; only occasionally exciting. This happens on such points as whether a workman wilfully at default shall obtain compensation; and whether the parties may contract out. DON JOSE, who looks after the HOME SECRETARY and the Bill, offers compromise. Then Members on one side or other tear their hair, rend their clothes, get Mr. PRIM to send in a few ashes, on which they sit, and declare "All is Lost."

DON JOSE says, "No such thing. The proposed amendment to the amendment to the proposed amendment as amended is not nearly so bad (or so good) as the hon. Member thinks."

Thereupon the bereaved gets up, combs out what is left of his hair, mends his clothes, gets the ashes swept away, resumes his seat as if nothing had happened.

All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. But it's about the sort of thing we suffer through the week.

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill in Committee.

Friday.—ROBERT ARTHUR WARD, the so-called Member for Crewe, really has set out for the Cape. SARK saw him off at Southampton, after vain endeavour to induce him to stay and deliver his promised maiden speech in Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill.

"The fact is," SARK said to him in his fatherly way, "we don't quite know where you are. Like to hear your views on various matters. Now, could you give me a brief summary of the Public Health (Scotland) Bill?"

"No," said the wearied WARD, edging



"NON EST INVENTUS."

(*A Derby Problem.*)

Ostler (on the Downs, after the Races). "DON'T YOU EVEN REMEMBER 'IS COLOUR, GUV'NOR?"

off towards the panting tender. "I don't think I've time just now. Subject most interesting; think I've heard the Bill contains 700 clauses, and that CALDWELL talks two hours and forty minutes about it every day select Committee meets. Should like above all things to join in your deliberation. Scotch Committee Room sort of Parliamentary Rosherville, don't you know. The place to spend a happy day. But I've got an engagement in South Africa which unfortunately calls me off. Duty first, delight after. That's my motto. Ta ta. If any of my constituents ask after me, say I'll be back soon. In fact, before leaving my diggins in Stratton Street, I had a little bill put up on my front door, 'Back in an hour.' It saves trouble, and gives an air of business to the shop."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply. REDMOND Frères, finding trade dull, run out bold advertisement. Get themselves suspended. A poor plot, lacking finish in execution. House laughed, and as soon as Redmondites had been cleared off premises, went to work; did fair night's business with votes.

The Way we Live now.

Captain Spooner (to Miss DASHAWAY, at Epsom). Shall we have a bet in long "fives"?

Miss Dashaway (a "Heads-I-win-tails-you-lose" damsel). No; in short "fivers," if you please.

THE MISSION TO MENELIK.—The Abyssinian Emperor received Mr. Rodd and party right royally. Of course one of the Eastern ceremonies is "kissing the Rodd."

T. R. ADELPHI, U.S.A., STRAND.

Secret Service, at the Adelphi, is a melodrama that ought to have come to stop, or rather to run. But unless some arrangement is arrived at, this capital specimen of American authorship and acting is to leave us before it has attained the zenith of its success in this year of Jubilee! It is in four acts, but so constructed that a visitor coming in late, say, after the first half was over, would be quite satisfied with the second half. A character who, whether in military or civil capacity, is generally considered as an unprincipled scoundrel, i.e., a spy, is here made the hero of the drama, worthy of the love of the chillingly virtuous heroine. His one good act is to yield to the request of this young lady, who implores him for her sake, and because she has done him the simple service of saving his life, to refrain from wiring false intelligence to Head quarters. In a moment of virtuous weakness he consents. The misleading information is not sent. No one is hurt, and after very nearly expiating the intended crime by forfeiting his life, he is at the last moment let off, though sentenced, by a remarkably hearty old general with a stronger American accent than any other actor in the piece, to remain a close prisoner until the war is over.

It is all most exciting from first to last, and the light comedy relief is admirably given by Miss ODETTE TYLER, as Caroline Mitford, and Mr. HENRY WOODRUFF, as Wilfred Varney, a surname that recalls SCOTT and Kenilworth. The two negro house-servants, played by Miss ALICE LEIGH and Mr. H. D. JAMES, give real

colour to the piece. The villain, Mr. CAMPBELL GOLLAN, would be even more villainous than he is, had he not elected to make up after PHIZ's well-known figure of Nicholas Nickleby, with the addition of moustachios; and, on consideration, in the moustachios lies all the villainy of what would otherwise be a very pleasant and amiable countenance. It is Nicholas Nickleby with the moustache of Lord Verisopht, in the same novel; and it is a Nicholas who would, at very first sight, have won the heart of that thorough-going old theatrical manager, Mr. Vincent Crummles. In case the play should not return, or the thread of its present existence be snicked by the advent of SARAH BERNHARDT, strongly does this deponent advise all who can enjoy such a flavoursome dish as is this melodrama, with American spice, to see it ere it quits the Adelphi.

Birthday Honours.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see that you remembered the birthday of our bonny Princess MAY. I'm not much of a poet myself, but I say ditto in the following lines to the Duke of YORK, born June 3, 1865.

Here's three cheers for the Duke,
May he never fail to fluke

His anchor a-ground of the nation!
And may ev'ry gentle gale
To his ship of luck give sail,

Wherever and whatever be his station!

Yours obediently,
Gosport, June 2. ROBERT RATLINE.

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ILLICIT DIAMOND BUYING.

DIAMONDS FOUND IN VINOLIA SOAP.

Extract from Johannesburg Standard and Digger's News.

KIMBERLEY, 29th (Special).—Jan Jacobus Nel was again before the Magistrate to-day.

The principal witnesses were still absent, but the affidavits were read to the effect that in a station near Riverton Road, a parcel was found addressed to "Miss Beauty, care of J. J. Nel, Riverton Road." It was examined on April 21st by Acting Chief Detective Idebski, and was found to contain tablets of VINOLIA SOAP and a pair of baby's shoes. In them were found nine rough and uncut diamonds, weighing about six carats. This parcel, two days afterwards, was handed to Nel, Detectives De Kock and Idebski witnessing the transfer from a place of concealment in the station.

The accused was remanded till Monday, bail being refused for the present, the Magistrate adding that he had been informed that possibly justice might be defeated in the event of his granting bail.